THE LYNX.

Printed and published every SATURDAY AT THREE DOLLARS in advance.

Advertisements inserted for one dollar per square (of ten lines or less,) for the first insertion, and fifty cents for each subsequent insertion.

Advertisements of a personal nature will invariably be charged double price of ordinary advertisements.

YEARLY ADVERTISING.—A deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year to a sufficient amount to make it for the interest of merchants and others.

Advertisements out of the direct line of business of the yearly advertiser will be charged for seperately at the ordinary rates.

Professional cards, not alterable for the year, containing ten lines or less ten dollars.

The names of candidates for county offices will be inserted for five dollars, payment always in advance, and State offices ten dollars.

Election tickets will never be delivered 'till paid for.

Political circulars or communications of only an individual interest, will be charged at half price of ordinary advertisements and must be paid in advance.

Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions will be continued 'till forbid, and any additions made after insertion charged extra.

Advertising patrons will favor us by handing in their advertisements as early after our regular publication days as convenient—not later in any case if possible, than Thursday night.

All JOB-WORK must be paid for on delivery.

POSTAGE must be paid on all letters, or they will not be attended to

Mail Arrangements,

The Mail from Memphis arrives on Tuesday's and Saturday's at 12 o'clock noon, and departs for Memphis at 10 o'clock the same days.

The Mail from Oxford arrives on Wednesday evenings, at 7 o'clock, and departs Tuesday morning at 7 o'clock.

The Mail from Carrollton, arrives Thursday evenings at 7 o'clock, and departs on Monday mornings at 5 o'clock.

The Mail for Carrollton closes on Sunday evenings at 8 o'clock

The Mail for Oxford closes on Monday evenings at 8 o'clock.

The Mail for Memphis closes on Tuesday's and Saturdays at 12 o'clock noon.

THE ORPHAN TRAVELER.

Sweet stranger, will you take me in,
And shelter for the night?
The storm howls dreadful from afar,
And fading is the light.

Far have I spad's nce break of day,
And braved the north east wind;
This friendly light bade me hail here;
O gentle dear, be kind!

I tread the rough paths of this life,
Sweet stranger, all alone;
The father of my infancy,
To other climes hath flown.

My mother too, on whose fair breast,
My glad heart once b-at high,
Hath left her little son to wail,
And w sh himself to die!

I have no money in my purse,
Nor jewels to bestow,
And further dear, this dreadful night,
I cannot, cannot, go.

My thin robes flutter chilly now,
As blow the winds around;
If I go fa ther, heartless one,
I'll perish on the ground;

Then the fierce wolves would tear my flesh.
And drag me to their den,
Where I might never more be found—
You would be sorry then.

Then gentle love, bid me alight,
And warm by yon bright fire,
My soul is in the words I speak,
O grant me this desire!

HOW JACK MARLAND SOLVED A VERRY STIFF PROBLEM.

FROM HOOD'S MAGAZINE.

JACK MARLAND was a happy fellow—at least any one who saw him seated in his comfortable chambers in the Temple in a vast chair, and enveloped with clouds of smoke proceeding from his favorite meerschaum as the bell of St. Paul's rang ten, would have said so. Jack was a clever fellow too. He sung well, he danced well; the partridges on the first of September knew him well; the Cheshire hounds were not unacquainted with him; the Isis and the Thames were intimate with him. (for Jack pulled a good oar;) a dab at fencing, a fair single-stick player, in his element in a pistol gally; and, to crown all, he had just made a not unsuccessful *debut* as a speaker in the courts at Westminster. Jack truly ought to have been happy, from a thousand reasons: he was a favorite with his acquaintances and professional brethren; by the fair sex his witty conversation and handsome and gentlemanly person and demeanor were duly appreciated; in short, he was universally liked. Papas and mammas opened their doors to him, (for he had a nice little fortune at his command;) daughters and sons were glad when he enter'd the doors so thrown open, for not a dull moment was suffered to exist from the time Jack came to [illegible] time he took his depart[illegible] Jack happy?" [illegible]ure. "And was methinks I hear a fair reader inquire. Jack was not happy, or rather he *thought* he was not happy.—Jack had got it into his silly head that, in spite of his accomplishments, his cleverness, and his handsome face and figure, he, Jack, was a coward; and that, if his courage should be put to the proof, he should be lamentably wanting. this was Jack's "*ombre noir*:" this was the thought which embittered Jack's existence; and at the time we introduced Jack to the notice of our readers, he was in his aforesaid easy chair, and under the soothing influence of his aforesaid pipe, assisted by a strong cup of strong Mocha, turning over in his mind the different methods by which he thought it likely that he might be able to solve the knotty question, "Am I or am I not a coward?

Jack thought and thougt, and smoked and smoked, till he was half asleep, without coming to any correct or satisfactory conclusion; the idea had taken strong possession of his mind and tormented him srangely; he, however, determined, as indeed he had fifty times before determined, to seize the first opportunity which might present itself of placing himself [illegible] struggling with some imminent danger. We shall in less than ten miutes see that the watched for opportunity presented itself, in rather a curious manner.

The long vacrtion arrived; that time so wished for, so looked forward to by all the legal profession; thet time during which, &c.

Jack like many other denizens of the Temple, packed up his traps, sent his clerk for a cab, stuck his card out side his door with the inscription, "Return before the 20th of October," "shipped himself all aboard of a ship," then of a diligence, and in a due course of time found himslf in Paris. One half day was sufficient to enable him to find a good suite of rooms; and now behold Jack fully launched in all the gaiety, not to say dissipation, of the metropolis of the French. Jack, we have before said, was a verry good shot with the pistol, yet he had never been guilty of that folly, a duel; and, indeed, had often heard to say that he never would. He however, frequented many of the pistol galleries which abounded in Paris; and amongst others, he had honored with his presence the *tir au pistolet* of M. Lepage, where, of course, he very soon became known as "*Ce monsieur Anglais, qui tire aussi, bien qu'un Francais.*"

One day Jack on going to the gallery of M. Lepage, with ono of his friends found it occupied by a young man well known as one of the best shots in Paris; and most assuredly he was a good shot. He performed all the feats which tradition assigns to the Chevalier St. George; he each time hit the Bull's eye of the target at the usual distance, snuffed a candle with the ball, split a bullet against the edge of a knife, and drove a nail into the wall by striking the head exactly in the centre with his ball and in short, by a thousand feats of this nature proved himself worthy the name of a first-rate shot. His *amour propre* was roused by the appearance of Jack, whom the attendant, in presenting him with the pistol, had quietly said was almost as good a shot as himself: but at each shot, instead of receiving from Jack the tribute of praise which he deserved, he heard, Jack in reply to the exclamations of astonishment which proceeded from all in the gallery say, "No doubt that is a very good shot; but the result would be very different, I've a notion, if he had a live man for his target." This incessant calling in question of his powers as a duellist, for (for Jack had repeated his observation three times.) at first astonished the *tireur*, and ended by annoying him; and, at length, turning round to Jack, and looking at him with an air half jesting, half threatening, he said, "Forgive me Mr. Englishman; but it appears to me that three times you have made an observation disparaging to my courage; will you be kind enough to give me some explanation of the meaning of your words."

My words answered Jack, do not I think require an explanation; they are plain enough, in my opinion.

Perhaps then sir, you will be good enough to repeat them, in order that I may judge of the meaning which they will bear, and the object with which they have been spoken, was the reply of the Frenchmen.

I said, answered Jack, with the most perfect *sang froid*, when I saw you hit the Bull's-eye at each shot, that neither your hand nor your eye would be so steady if your pistol were pointed against the breast of a man in the place of a wooden partition.

And why, may I ask?

Because, answered Jack, it seems to me that at the moment of pulling the trigger, and firing at a man, the mind would be seixed with a kind of emotion likely to unsteady the hand, and consequently the aim.

You have fought many duels? asked the Frenchman.

Not one, said Jack.

Ah! rejoined the other, with a slight sneer, then I am not surprised that you suppose the possibility of a man being afraid under such circumstances.

Forgive me said Jack, you misunderstand me. I fancy that at the moment when one man is about to kill another, he may tremble from some other emotion than that of fear.

Sir, I never tremble, said the shot.

Possibly, replied Jack, with the same composure: still I am not at all convinced that at twenty-five paces, that is, at the distance at which you hit the Bull's-eye each time—

Well, at twenty-five paces interrupted the other.

You would miss your man was the cool reply.

Sir, I assure you, I should not, answered the Frenchman.

Forgive me if I doubt your word, said Jack.

You mean then to give me the lie?

I merely assert the fact, replied our friend.

A fact, however, which I think you would scarcely like to establish. said the *tireur*.

Why not? said Jack looking steadfastly at his antagonist.

By proxy perhaps.

By proxy or in my own person, I care not which, said Jack.

I warn you, you would be somewhat rash,

Not at all, said Jack, for I merely say what I think; and consequently, my conviction is that I should risk but little.

Let us anderstand each other, said the Frenchman; you repeat to me a second time that at twenty-five paces I should miss my man.

You are mistaken monsieur, said Jack it appears to me that this is the sixth time I have said it.

Parbleu! said the Frenchman, now thoroughly exasperated; this is too much you want to insult me.

Think as you like, monsieur, said Jack.

Good said the other, your hour sir?

Why not now? said Jack.

The place? said the other.

We are but five steps from the Bois de Boulogne, replied Jack.

Your arms sir?

The pistol, of course, was Jack's answer; we are not about to fight a duel, but to decide a point upon which we are at issue.

The two young men entered the cabriolets, each accompanied by a friend, and drove towards the Bois de Boulogne. Arrived at the appointed place, the seconds wished to arrange the matter. This however was very difficult; Jack's adversary required an opology, whilst Jask maintained that he owed him none, unless he himself was either killed or wounded; for unless this happened he (Jack) would not have been proved wrong. The seconds spent a quarter of an hour in the attempt to effect a reconciliation, but in vain. They then wished to place the antagonists at thirty paces from each other; to this Jack would not consent, observing that the point in question could not be correctly decided if any difference were made between the distance now to be fixed and the distance at which his antagonist had hit the Bull's eye in the gallery. It was then proposed that a louis should be thrown up,, in order to decide who was to shoot first; this Jack declared was totally unnecessary, that the right to the first shot naturally belonged to his adversary; and although the Frenchman was anxious that Jack should take advantage of this one chance he was firm and carried his point. The Garcon, of the shooting-gallery had followed, and was ready to charge the pistols, which he did with the same measure, the same kind of powder, and the same kind of balls as those used by the Frenchman in the gallery a short time before. The pistols, too were the same; this condition alone Jack had imposed *a sine qua non*. The antagonists; placed at twenty-five paces from each other, received each his pistol; & the seconds retired a few paces in order to leave the combatants free to fire on one another, according to the stipulated arrangement.

Jack took none of the precautions usual with duellists; he attempted not to shield any part of his body. by position or any other means; but allowed his arms to hang down by his side, and presented his full front to his enemy, who scarcely knew what to make of this extraordinary conduct. He had fought several duels, but it had never been his lot to see such *sang froid* in in any one of his antagonists; he felt as it bewildered; and Jack's theory occurring to his mind, tended but little to reassure him; in short, this celebrated shot who, never missed neither his man or the bull's eye of the target, began to doubt his own powers. Twice he raised his pistol, and twice he lowered it again. This was of course contrary to all the laws of duelling; but each time Jack contented himself with saying: Take time monsieur! take time! A third time he raised his arm, and, feeling ashamed of himself, fired. It was a moment of most painful anxiety to the seconds; but they were soon relieved; for Jack, the instant after the pistol had been fired, turned to the right and to the left, and made a low bow to the two friends, to show that he was not wounded, and then said coolly to his antagonist: You see sir, I was right!

You were, answerd the Frenchman; and now fire in your turn.

Not I, said Jack, picking up his hat, and handing the pistol to the garcon; what good would it do me to shoot at you?

But sir, said his adversary, you have the right, and I cannot permit it to be otnerwise; I am anxious to see how you shoot.

Let us understand each other, said Jack. I never said that I would hit you but said that you would not hit me; you have not hit me; I was right; and now there is an end to the matter. And in spite of all the remonstrances and entreaties of the Frenchman, Jack mounted his cab and drove off, repeating to his friend, I told you there was a mighty difference between firing at a doll and firing at a man. Jack's mind was eased; he had solved his problem, and found that he was not a coward.—*Nat. Intelligencer.*

SURGERY AND MAGNETISM.

A marvellous story of a surgical operation, performed in the case of a magnetized person, is related in the Cleveland Plain Dealer. The editor states that he witnessed on the 25th of last month a most difficult operation, performed by Professor Ackley, assisted by Professors Delamater, Kirkland and others, before a class of students at the Cleveland medical College. The patient was a Dr. Shriever, from Columbiana county, Ohio, quite an elderly man. It was an operation for tumor, situated under the lower jaw and partly in the neck, near the right ear. In reference to the proceedings of the operator the Plain Dealer has the following statement.

"We happened in just as the Professor was putting knife to the skin. He made two or three frightful gashes, seemingly cutting the throat, and not a muscle of the old man was observed to move. We were astonished, and we think the whole medical class and even the faculty were not less so than ourself. The secret was, the patient was in a magnetic sleep. This fact of course was known by the Professors, but not by the spectators generally. There stood by the bleeding patient (not sufferer) the magnetizer, who, with the magic of Mesmer, had thrown his subject into pleasant dreams, and now, while the knife of the bold surgeon was dashing away at his vitals, and dripping with gore at his throat, he could say to the trembling nerves" be still," and all was quiet! What a triumph of mind over matter was there! The will of the magnetizer strikingdumb even the living being, and making even his body the licensible subject of dissection! No agonizing groans were heard, as is usual from the conscious patient. to alarm & terrify the operator; but he went quietly on, without haste, and consequently with better effect. It lasted some fifteen minutes, during which time there were frequent consultatiens among the professors, as it proved to be a malignant case. It caused a frightful wound and a profusion of blood. The patient was removed to another room, still unconscious of pain and the operation; and when we left he was assuring the magnetizer that he felt quite happy."

Anecdote of John Adams.

Before our country took a stand among the nations of Europe. and while we were suffering by depredations on every hand the venerable John Adams remarked, that the situation of the United States reminded him of Daniel Defoe's game cock, who, on being in a stable with a number of horses exclaimed, TAKE CARE GENTLEMEN DON'T LET US TREAD UPON ONE ANOTHER!

The Lynx.

By Keith & Rockett. Devoted to News, Politics, Commerce, Agriculture, &c. Three Dollars in advance.

"ETERNAL VIGILANCE IS THE PRICE OF LIBERTY."

VOL. 1. PANOLA, MI., SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1845. NO. 1.

Treatment of Lunatics.

From a Report on this subject in the last number of the London Quarterly, we quote the following interesting and curious passage.—*Cin. Gaz.*

It was during the reign of terror, and while all France laboured under a new form of insanity, that the idea was first conceived of setting loose madmen from their bonds. The good & wise Physician Pinel, seems to have been struck with the injustice of keeping his patients chained in the dungeons of Bicetre, while so many hundreds of his countrymen, more mischievously distracted than many of them were at large to work the bloody frolics of the revolutionary phrenzy. There were at that time upwards of 300 maniacs chained in the loathsome cells of the horrible Bedlam of France. Pinel formed the resolution of setting them free from their strict restraint, and he entreated permission of the Commune to that effect. Struck with the novelty of the enterprise, at that time a sufficient recommendation before any assembly in France, the commune listened to the proposal and deputed one of their body, the notorious Couthon, to accompany the physician to the spot, and Judge of the propriety of carrying his undertakeing into effect. They were received by a confused noise; the yells and vociferations of some hundreds of madmen, mixed with the sounds of their clanking chains echoing through the damp and dreary vaults of the prison. Couthon turned away with horror but he permitted Pinel to pursue his enterprise. The philanthropist resolved speedily to liberate fifty of the number by way of experiment, and he began by unchaining twelve of the most violent. The account of his proceedings has been recorded by his nephew, Scipion Pinel, in a lively narrative, which was read before the Academy of Sciences. The first man set at liberty was an English captain. He had been forty years in chains and his history was forgotten by himself and all the world. His keepers approached him with dread; he had killed one of their comrades by a blow with his manacles. Pinel entered his cell unattended; and accosted him in a kind and confiding manner, and told him that it was designed to give him the liberty of walking abroad, on condition that he would put on a waistcoat that might confine his arms. The madman appeared to disbelieve; but he obeyed. His chains were removed and the door of his cell was left open. Many times he raised himself and fell back; his limbs gave way; they had been ironed forty years At length he was able to stand, and to stalk to the door of his cell, and gaze with exclamations of wonder and delight at the beautiful sky. He spent the day in the enjoyment of his newly acquired privilege; he was no more in bonds; and during the two years of his further detention at Bicetre, assisted in manageing the house The next man liberated was a soldier; a private in the French guards who had been ten years in chains. and was an object of general fear. His case had been one of acute mania, occasioned by intemperance a disorder which often subsides in a short period under abstinence from intoxicating drinks, unless kept up, as in this case, by improper treatment. When set at liberty, this man willingly assisted Pinel in breaking the chains of his fellow prisoners; he became immediately calm, and even kind and attentive, and was ever afterwards the devoted friend of his deliverer. In an adjoining cell there were three Prussian soldier, who had been many years in chains and darkness; through grief and despair they had sunk into stupor and fatuity, the frequent result of similar treatment, they refused to be removed. Near to them was an old priest harmless and patient who fancied himself to be the savior of the world When taunted by his keepers, who used to tell him that if he was Christ he could break the heavy chains that loaded his hands—he replied with solemn dignity, *Frustra tentaris Dominum tum.* After his release he got rid of his illusion and recovered the soundness of his mind. Within a few days Pinel liberated fifty-three maniacs from their imprisonment. The result was beyond his hopes. Tranquility succeeded to tumult and disorder and even the most ferocious madmen became more tractable. This took place in 1792; and the example of Pinel was followed in various parts of France.

Friendship.

Chesterfield observes there is a kind of short lived friendship which takes place among men, from a connection in their pleasures only; a friendship too often attended with bad consequences. This companion of our pleasures, young and coexperienced will probably in the heat of convivial mirth, vow a perpetual friendship and unfold himself to you without the least reserve; but new associations, change of fortune, or change of place, will soon break this ill-timed connection. and show the folly of such hasty attachments. The same observations will apply to young females. I have frequently witnessed with regret, with what warmth and excitement, they enter in to new alliances of friendship—repose, some short lived acquaintance all their secrets of sentiment—pour out their every thought of affection in an aggravated strain; and appear perfectly happy in its development. For a young female to be without a confident in affairs of the heart, argues much for her understanding, and I always take it for granted, that she who takes pleasure in makeing every silly acquaintance the repository of her dearest secrets, is somewhat touched with idiocy. A mother—or any other senior relative who acts in that capacity—if she be a woman perfectly chaste of sentiment—perfectly affable of disposition, and perfectly capable of discriminating—is the only counsellor that a young female should require, in regulating that most precious and invaluable of all gifts, her affections. It may be, when long years of acquaintance have deeply and successfully tried a young friend, that she shall be worthy of all confidence; still, until time and experience have pictured to her the ways of the world be an unfit counsellor; although a sincere and affectionate associate.—*ib.*

A fellow who was frozen to death in Iowa, last winter, when the thermometer was two degrees below zero, was brought before a jury of inquest. They handed in a verdict of "death by freezing;" and the thermometer was found guilty of "murder in the *second degree.*" *Neal's Magazine.*

Marriage.—I know a young lady, not very young now, indeed, who to my certain knowledge, has refused nine offers.

One, because the gentleman could not keep a carriage.

Another, because he knew nothing of the French language.

A third, because he kuew nothing of the Italia operas.

A fourth, because he stooped on his his shoulders.

A fifth, because he had not fortune enough.

A sixth, Pecause he was a tobacco chewer.

A seventh, becanse he was a tradsman.

The eighth, was too bashful in compa ny.

The ninth, because he wore sectacles. *Ib.*

THE FAITH OF PENTLAND.—Would you witness a regular passage of arms between two mighty seas, cross the Pentland Firth, and you must pe tossed upon its tides before you can even imagine what may be termed their ferocity. The rush of two mighty oceans struggling to sweep their world of waters through a narrow sound, and dashing their waves, as if in bootless fury, against the rocky barriers which headland and islet present the endless contest of conflicting tides hurried forward and repelled, meeting and mingling, their troubled surface boiling and spouting, and, even in summer calm, in an eternal state of restless agitation. Fancy the calm changing to a storm; the wind at west; the whole volume of the Atlantic rolling its wild mass of waters on, in one sweeping flood, to dash and burst upon the black and riven promontory of Dunet Head, until the mountain wave, shttered into spray, flies over the summit of a precipice four hundred feet above the base it broke upon.—*Maxwell's Wanderinps.*

ORATOR.—At a late political meeting in the west, the orator electrfied his hearers by the following eloquent remarks:—

"Every man and woman is born free and equal except niggers. They aint born so in *kaith*, for I am sxfoot and my brother Rip is only four foot and a half and thick through in proportion. They aint born so in point of strength, for I can double up any he-cretur btween here and the forks of Red River. They aint born so in point of gumption, for I know a smart piece, while cousin Leafy was born a nat'ral. We aint so in point of running, for I can run down a steamboat, a panther, or a railway car; nor we aint born so in point of taking rye, for I can put the bung-hole to my mouth and swallow half a barrel. Then what is we born equal in? I'll tell you how we're equal. When we go to the polls next 'lection day, if you'll vote for me to go to congress, I swear to you by all the eyes in my breeches pocket, that every one of you shall have a grant, and I'll take a grant too, and then we shall be equal all round."—*Neal's Gazette.*

NOCTURNAL ENCOUNTER.

It was dark, and the star-light alone prevnted total darkuess.—It was a fearful night—theives and robbers were moving to and fro, through the streets, seeking whom they might devour Pistols were firing in the air, greatly to the alarm of matrons, maidens, and all other persons of quiet dispositions Apparitions stalked abroad, and some of our folks verrily believed that ghosts and hob-goblins haunted our sidewalks and lanes. Liquor flowed sparkling and inviting from bottle to glass—men were full to running over with it, and were running over one an other- The doors slamed hard, and keys were turned in a twinkling. Bowie knives were wheted until their sufaces shone with a high polish—muskets were cramed half full of powder lead, and in fine, preparations seemed to be making for a Tippecanoe conflict. "What can all this mean?" says Mr ——; He had been caught out later than usual. He was walking up stairs—"I'll be bound I dont get into any of their fusses to night—I'll lock my door, and sleep as if nothing was brewing. Now I just dare them to break my bolts and bars—just let them come it if they dare; I'll fix them, the heathans."

Mr.—— carried a large cane with him on all occasions, and it would have been folly to have thought of finding him without a three vear old hickory, dangling in his right hand "But it may be," he continued, "that some of the scoundrels are way-laying my door